A

Pindarick ODE

Upon theſe

Inconſtant and Tragick

TIMES.

Written in *Auguſt* 1691.

Upon the News of the

VICTORY

Obtain'd by Their Majeſties Forces at

AGHRIM.

Hæ tibi erunt artes; paciſque imponere morem,
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos. Virg. lib. 6. Æn.

——*Sternet pœnos, Gallumque rebellem.* Ibid.

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Upon these

Inconstant and Tragick TIMES,

A

Pindarick ODE.

August 1. 1691.

I.

NOW at Great *Jove*'s Supream Command,
Fortune his Slave with threat'ning Hand,
Furiously whirls about her Wheel;
Which turning like a vast Machine,
Changes the World's great Stage, unseen,
Whilst with the Motion giddy Nations reel.

II.

Alecto has been rows'd from Hell,
To punish a Flagitious Age;
In Humane Breasts her Serpents dwell,
And sting the guilty World to Rage.
The Fury stalks about and Raves;
Germany trembles at her horrid Yell,
She Rates the backward *French*, goads on th'abandon'd Slaves,
To execute the black Contrivances of Hell.
On, to prodigious Villanies they go,
Till they want Sense their Monst'rous Crimes to know.
Thro' the *Palatinate* she with them flies,
And whilst the Native by his Murderers dies,
She her Infernal Torch to ev'ry House applies.
A Town she Burns for each vast Funeral Pile,
And (Grinning horribly a ghastly Smile)
Upon the Flames, as terribly they blaze,
Th' Abominable Fiend with dismal Joy does gaze.

III.

As Deluges whole Kingdoms ſweep,
Urg'd by fierce Tempeſts and the Deep,
Wars dreadful Inundation ſwells,
Rais'd both by Wrath Divine and Hells.
Nor Art nor Nature has the Force
To ſtop its noiſie Courſe.
Nor *Alps* nor *Pireneans* keep it out,
Nor fortify'd redoubt.

IV.

In vain the Iriſh Straw-built Huts forſake,
And to their Bogs in vain they make,
There ſoon does Fate her Fugitives o'ertake.
And as, with Horror and with Fear
Her grim Attendants, ſhe draws near;
The Bogs and Men with one Convulſion ſhake.

V.

In vain to the Ætherial Skies,
Climbing his *Alps*, th'amaz'd *Savoyard* flies;
The Bloody *French* the Wretch purſue,
Who Pants with Toil and Terror too.
And near to Heav'n (Deaf to his piercing Cries)
By Impious Hands he Dies.

VI.

In Belgian Plains, whilſt th'*Engliſh* Lyon Ramps,
Terror's diffus'd thro' Gallick Forts and Camps.
See how his deadly lifted Paw
Keeps Couchant *Luxemburgh* in awe!
At *William*'s mighty Name,
All *France*, with its exalted Idol, ſhakes;
William's bright ſounding Fame,
Like Light'ning when from Heav'n it breaks,
Troubles the great Offender's Sight,
And does his Conſcious Inſtruments affright;
And by its Brightneſs and its Noiſe,
Confounds them, e'er his Arm, Wars Thunder-bolt, deſtroys.

VII. Glitter-

VII.

Glittering in Glorious Arms he ſhines from far,
Like the Fifth Heav'ns aſcendent Star,
Whoſe very Aſpect gives Succeſs in War:
Whoſe influential Pow'r decides,
And over Fatal Fields preſides,
Juſt like the Moon's o'er raging Tides;
Till by Conjunction deadlier grown,
By its Confederate Force ſome Mighty State's o'erthrown.

VIII.

To *William's* Virtue ſtiff Rebellion yields,
In *Aghrim's* Purple Fields.
William, when at the *Boyn* he Fought,
The *Shannon* and the *Suc* to paſs, his Fierce Battalions taught.
His Bravery kindled in their Breaſts the Fire
Which does to Glory by great Acts aſpire,
And on to *Aghrim* hurried them unknowing to retire.

IX.

Should Fear in wretched Man prevail,
Who could condemn it in a thing ſo Frail?
The Univerſe has not a Creature,
Which the Condition of its Nature,
Subjects to more internal accidents,
Or outward caſual Events.
The leaſt of which has often Pow'r
To antedate his Fatal Hour.
William, not only ſubject is to thoſe,
High pow'r, vaſt worth, him ev'ry hour expoſe,
To the Perfidiouſneſs and Strength of all his Gallick Foes.
Domeſtick Villains who ſurround him too,
In his Deſtruction wiſh the World t'undo.
Yet ſee him in this dangerous State,
Dauntleſs, as Gods ſecur'd by Fate.

X.

The numerous Squadrons of his Foes,
Th'accurſed Troublers of the World's repoſe;
He with Heroick Rage Defies.
Surveying them, his Sparkling Eyes,
With God-like Tranſports rowl,
And his brave Warriors ſecond his great Soul,
And (tho retrench'd old wary *Bouteville* lyes) [*Luxembourg.
Each for the Onſet cries.
He, wiſe in Fury, keeps them back;
Conduct profound defers the wiſh'd Attack.
Thus, often, when ſome deſperate Offence,
Does Heav'ns Almighty Pow'r incenſe;
Its Vengeance it delays, expecting Fatal Times,
By high fore-knowledge pre-ordain'd, to puniſh mighty Crimes.

XI.

When *William*, the predeſtin'd Hour
T'orethrow that formidable Pow'r,
Struck by the dire Alarum comes;
Struck by loud Cannon and tempeſtuous Drums:
When Gods the buſineſs of the World forego,
To be Spectators of the fierce Debate;
Pleas'd to behold the Sanguinary Show,
The Tragick Play of Fortune and of Fate,
In that great hour, that wond'rous hour, controle thy noble fire,
Which does to bright eternal Fame, too furiouſly aſpire.
Ah! let not the tranſporting Rage,
The Chriſtians World's ſole Hope too dangerouſly engage!
On thee depend thy Country and thy Friends;
On thee the Dreadful Day, and vaſt Event depends.

XII.

Think on the *Boyn*, on thy great Action think;
Where can that Man, who thinks not on't, be found?
That Action thro' both *Indies* does reſound;
And as the Golden *Ganges*, makes the wretched *Boyn* renown'd.
Think how expos'd, thou mad'ſt its Banks the Brink
Of Ruin, into which we all were like to ſink;
Its Banks more Famous for the threat'ned Blow,
Than for the ſignal Overthrow.

Canſt

Canſt thou one curſed Moment there forget?
Europe remembers it with Horror yet.
Though on thoſe Banks Victorious Troops you led,
And half the Rebels were already fled,
Yet when the Fatal Shot approach'd thy Sacred Head,
(But *Schomberg* Deſtiny atton'd)
Fair Liberty ſhriek'd out aloud, Aloud Religion groan'd.
How did they on their Champions danger look!
Ev'n *England*'s Genious was with Terror ſtruck,
And of the whole Confed'rate Pow'r the Guardian Angel ſhook.

XIII.

Menage thy Royal Life, by Heav'n deſign'd,
T' enſure *Great Britain* and Mankind:
Thy Safety for Their own all Neceſſary find.
Had Heav'n Thy Death made neceſſary too,
Does not Thy former Conduct ſhew,
That Thou wouldſt, raviſh'd with Thy Glorious doom,
Do for the World what *Curtius* did for *Rome*?

XIV.

Ye *Britiſh* Muſes celebrate his Fame,
Where can ye find a nobler Theme
T' Illuſtrate Yours or *Britains* Name?
In Valor Sovereign, and in Senſe Supreme,
He's over all His Subjects Found,
His Subjects thro' the World Renown'd,
For Lofty Spirit, and for Thought Profound.
To Him your *Britain* owes,
That nothing but the Sound of War She knows:
Ev'ry where elſe Death and Deſtruction Reign,
Our Happy Iſle within does Peace retain,
Defended by a double Guard, its Monarch and the Main.

F I N I S.